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Diversified Verse

By

Harriet Sawyer Bates



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To the Memory
of
My Father

THE KING OF THE MAY

'Tis the fourteenth of May, the sun in its glory,
Has painted the day, a picture of bliss;
The air with rich perfume is daintily laden,
Borne fresh from the blossoms of gay hit and miss
As they nod their good morning from green leafy bower,
Where they dance in the sun or rest in the shade
And drink of life's fullness from each passing shower
To ripen their fruit which Nature hath made.

I sit 'neath the shade of the wide-spreading branches,
And list to the song of the robin and wren;
Whose joyous notes bear me along, till, in fancy,
I'm living my childhood over again.
I'm strolling with Father thro' deep shaded woodland,
My small, chubby hand clasping tightly his own,
We gather the May fruit and flowers the rarest
Upon which the light of the sun ever shone.

I weave a bright garland of flowers the sweetest,
May blossoms, spring beauties and violets blue,
Interwined with the leaves of a delicate ivy,
Still moist with the diamonds of fresh morning dew.
And with it completed, a circle of beauty,
On a cushion of mosses I bear it away,
To the dearest of fathers, whose birthday we honor,
And lovingly crown him the "King of the May."

We are older in years, than in days of my childhood,
(I wander thro' woodlands today with my own)
Yet he's the dear father who strolled thro' the wildwood,
And I'm the same girlie—a trifle more grown.
I would weave him a garland of Earth's fairest flowers,
With the brightest of gems I would jewel its crown,
And pray Heaven's blessings in richest of showers
With their fullness of measure to fall gently down.

THE LOVERS

We loved in Life's morning—
 Dear Heart, you and I,
When love's light was dawning
 In Life's eastern sky;
We caught its bright glow
 With a rapture, you know,
And were glad in the love-light
 Those years long ago.

We loved at Life's noonday—
 With hearts that were strong,
When our babies were cooing
 Their sweet cradle song;
With bright years ahead,
 And sweet mem'ries of youth,
We led the wee toddlers
 In footpaths of truth.

And now in the brightness,
 Of Life's afternoon,
May our hearts keep as warm
 And as sweetly in tune;
May the shades of Life's evening
 Keep fresh the warm glow,
Of the love we have loved
 Since the years long ago.

CHASING CARE

There are days you know, when things go wrong,
And "life is a dismal affair";
When nerves are afret and we're all upset,
With worry, and work, and care.
Then let us sing a gay little song,
And wear a cheerful smile;
Sail out in the street, some friend to greet,
Forgetting ourselves awhile.

Did ever you try this kind of a plan,
When you were feeling blue?
It has cured so many ills, that we know
'Tis the panacea for you.
We'll take the dose with a lavish hand,
A cheerful smile we'll wear;
Sail out in the street some friend to greet
Forgetting our worry and care.

We'll return to our home with a gay little laugh
At the ills so easily frightened;
And we'll bear our joyous tidings along
To other souls benighted—
Till we find that life is one grand song,
Wafting its notes above,
Glad friends we'll meet, in home or street,
Forgetting ourselves in LOVE.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

Her birthday comes the same each year
 Sweet memories hold the day;
And round its evening shadows dear
 Our childhood seems to play.
We gather near her chair once more,
 Her children one and all—
To hear her gracious loving words,
 While twilight shadows fall.

The evening was the dearest time
 To gather round her chair,
And hear the favorite nursery rhyme
 Portrayed with beauty rare;
We were so brave with Mother near,
 We felt no fear at all—
But gladly watched the stars appear
 And twilight shadows fall.

We see her now, as evening comes,
 For she is watching there—
The children in their several homes
 Still hear her earnest prayer
For lives of purity and strength;
 Her love shall guard us all,
Till our life's evening comes at length
 And twilight shadows fall.

A WINTER PARTY

Mother Nature gave a party,
It was sure a pretty sight;
All the guests came very early—
Every one was clad in white.

It was February weather,
But they didn't mind the cold;
Indeed they didn't care a feather
For Jack Frost's advances bold.

Lady Maple tall and stately
Whispered to her friend, the Pine,
Who in turn, replied sedately,
That she tho't 'twas time to dine.

Whereupon they led the party
To the tables richly spread,
Where the guests, all hale and hearty,
Felt that they were amply fed.

Would you know their dainty "menu"?
I will tell to all who listen—
There were nuts and frosted cookies,
And splendid ices, all aglisten.

Everyone seemed very happy,
All were bent on having fun;
And the party might have lasted
Until now—but for the sun!

He came out in all his glory,
Round and shining, BIG and HOT,
And to end my little story
All those pretty gowns were not—

For they faded in the sunlight—
Not a thread was left to view;
But—when came the gentle springtime,
They had garments GREEN and NEW.

D I V E R S I F I E D V E R S E

THE OCEAN BABIES

Have you ever tho't, my dearie,
 How beneath the ocean blue
Live a million little people
 Who are very much like you?

They have the very gayest time,
 Amongst the shells and rocks;
And find the smoothest ones are fine,
 To use for building blocks.

They build their castles in the sea,
 Instead of on the shore;
And in the evening twilight sit
 Before their open door.

They watch the moonlight as it gleams
 Along their moistened sky,
Then fall asleep, and in their dreams
 Hear love's sweet lullaby.

DIVERSIFIED VERSE

APRIL

Oh, the day is full of sunshine,
The heart is full of love;
The air is full of music
In praise to God above.

The grass is full of rain drops,
That sparkle in the sun;
And all the little flower-buds,
Are brimming full of fun.

For this is gentle spring-time,
And April rains are here,
To lift the heads of flower beds,
And smile away their fear.

D I V E R S I F I E D V E R S E

THE OLD MILL-POND

O'er-grown with weeds and grass,
Is the dear old pond we knew;
And hushed is the voice, alas,
Of the frog and the turtle, too.

This is the self-same hill,
The bridge with its railing high,
But the pond that turned old Casco Mill,
Has long ago gone dry.

On summer evenings, and still,
We would hear the plaintive tune
Of the "water-babies," behind the mill,
In their night-song to the moon.

Do you recall those happy days,
When, coming home from school,
We've watched the dancing water-sprays,
Fall thickly, fast and cool?

And how we've cast in pebbles,
Just as far as we could throw;
To make the water bubble,
And watch the circles grow?

And many a happy winter night,
We've come here with our skates
In the smiling face of the pale moonlight
We've cut those "figure eights."

We've drawn our sleds along the ice,
And crossed the Arctic seas;
We've sailed our craft of small device,
And waded to our knees.

Tho' time has carried us beyond
Those days of childish play,
We'd like that dear old mill-pond
Back for just one blissful day.

EASTER LILIES

Easter lilies, pure and white,
Unfolding in the morning light;
Lifting petals one by one
To the light of Heavenly sun.

Thy sweet perfume borne on air,
Reaches me 'neath weight of care;
Lifts my soul from common sod
To behold the light of God.

Years ago on Easter day,
When the stone was rolled away,
Lilies bloomed to tell His love,
When, for us, He rose above.

Easter lilies pure and white,
Sleeping thro' the long, sad night;
Opened into perfect bloom,
When the Savior left the tomb.

Borne upon their fragrant breath,
Came the news of life—not death;
Christ—our Savior—ever more,
Send the word from shore to shore!

Easter lilies, then unfold—
Lift your hearts of pure gold,
Tell of Him whose wondrous love
Sheds rich beauty from above.

D I V E R S I F I E D V E R S E

MAY BLOSSOMS

She came amid the bloom of May,
 One morning long ago,
The dark had scarcely turned to gray
 To meet the sun's bright glow.

The breath of morning, laden
 With fragrance rich and rare,
Slipped thro' the open window,
 To greet the baby fair.

No blossom in the whole array
 Was fair to look upon,
As the one who in her cradle lay,
 That day, at break of dawn.

A dimpled darling, pink and sweet,
 In dainty frills and lace;
Had ope'd her baby eyes to meet
 Her mother's smiling face.

That mother face, thro' all the years,
 Has been her guiding star;
It gives new courage, stills her fears,
 And is the golden bar

Of love, the staff on which she leans,
 And climbs the mountain peak
Of learning, when for lack, it seems
 Her heart, indeed, were weak.

Oh, that all mothers of today,
 Might better understand,
How much depends upon the way
 They lead their little band.

More buds would bloom in bright array,
 And shed their fragrance sweet;
And fewer WILD FLOWERS, by the way,
 Lay crushed beneath our feet.

CONFIDENCE

“Tho’ He slay me, yet will I trust Him.”

Do we doubt the Master’s kindness
When sore trials come to us?

Do we question in our blindness
WHY He will permit it thus?

Do we then forget His goodness
Spread around us every day?

Do we fail to say we’re thankful
For His sunshine on our way?

Must we languid sit and pine
Because our path is not so bright,
Or our house and grounds so fine
As our neighbors on the right?

If we find we have one talent
Shall we increase that one a score?
Or by actions most nonchalant
Grieve because we have no more?

Just how and what to give each one,
God, in His wisdom knows the best,
And if our part we’ve truly done,
We may leave to Him, the rest.

There must be some rain to be sure,
And clouds for it to fall from;
But water cleanseth and makes pure
That’s why it needs must rain some.

He sends us more of sunshine
Than of shadow on our path,
And by scattering the sunshine
Each one adds to what he hath.

If we look upon the bright side,
Bye and bye we surely find—
The clouds that look so dark and wide
After all, are silver-lined.

DIVERSIFIED VERSE

TRUE BLUE

There's snowy frost on your hair, my dear,
There are lines in your forehead, too;
But the blue in your eye is just as clear—
As the day when our love was new.

You are not so young as you used to be,
But we know the heart is true;
And the ring of your laugh is just as free
As the day when our love was new.

For the passing of youth we've no regret,
(I am older as well as you);
The trials of life together we've met,
And our love is no longer new.

But the LENGTH of years is the test of love,
And the heart of the lover true—
Remains unchanged as the stars above,
As they shine in Heaven's blue.

So long as we're spared to each other dear,
Though the years be many or few;
We'll pray the dear Father of all, may hear.
And bless the OLD love as the NEW.

THE WATERFALL

Dainty little water-fall
 Rushing clear and cool;
Gathering all the tiny sprays,
 In a laughing pool.

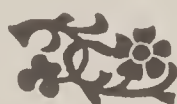
Close beside the roadway
 Comes your shining brink—
Inviting travelers weary worn,
 To take refreshing drink.

So to hundreds, every day,
 You lend a helping hand,
And cheer the pilgrim, on his way,
 Within a stranger land.

Your cup of water may be small,
 The service is as great—
As all the rush of water fall
 Above Niagara's gate.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, I pray Thee, comfort me;
Thy hand of faith upon my fears
Lay gently, firmly if need be,
That I may know that all these years
We've lived and loved, are not in vain;
But rather they have paved the way
Which leads to heights unknown, as yet,
Father keep him then, I pray,
Within the path of right, nor let
Temptations wrong o'er power him.
Be Thou his guiding Light I pray,
Strengthen and keep him in Thy fold;
Teach him to know Thy precious way,
The half of which has ne'er been told—
For this, dear Lord, we pray.



YOUR BIRTHDAY

May the sunshine on your birthday,
Be the brightest ever seen;
And thro' the years just rain enough
To keep the pathway green.
May flowers bloom along the way
With fragrance sweet and rare,
That friends who meet you every day
May their rich beauty share—
And find therein a deeper breath
Of consecrated love,
For all things true and noble,
Clear as the stars above.

DIVERSIFIED VERSE

JUST BECAUSE OF YOU

You ask me why I'm happy,
And why the sky is blue?
And flowers bloomin' everywhere?
It's just because of YOU!
It's just because of YOU my dear,
That life is bright and gay,
And smiles are chasing wrinkles
To drive dull care away.

The air is full o' sunshine,
The mornin's sparklin' dew
Is on the four-leaf clover,
And they're noddin' right at you;
For you're the GOOD LUCK girlie
And it's just because of you,
The grass is full of flowers,
And four-leaf clovers, too.

From out the top-most branches
Of the spreading maple tree,
I hear the notes of joyous birds
A singin' in their glee;
They're tellin' of the spring-time,
When life begins anew,
And all the world is happy
Because of folks like you.

It's just because of you, my dear,
That life is bright and gay,
And we pray you—spread the leaven
To others on life's way;
For the world is full of people,
Who are honest, brave and true,
That seein' may take heart again
Just because of you.

D I V E R S I F I E D V E R S E

THE BIRD'S NEST

A little bird has builded her nest,
Right under my window, the one to the west,
And there, thro' the long bright summer day
I can hear her, merrily singing away.

When first I saw her, 'twas early in Spring;
She was such a beautiful, dear little thing,
Helping her mate, as they worked together,
Building a home, in the bright Spring weather.

Why they should choose this very spot,
Right under my window, I question not—
Only content to know they are there,
With me, their joy of song to share.

I know I shall miss them whenever they go,
How dearly I love them, no one can know;
They know no difference, sunshine or rain,
Their gentle warbling is ever the same.

RESIGNATION

The years we have lived
Are the years my love,
 We never shall see again;
But the memory's dear,
As from year to year,
 We think of them now and then.

The years we shall live
Are the years my love,
 We see in our dreams, maybe,
But the good they hold,
As the years unfold,
 We'll share twixt you and me.

For the years are good,
Or the years are ill,
 'Tis a matter of life's content;
We'll do our best,
And leave the rest—
 And live as our Master meant.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC

The summer evening was still,
The tide in the river low,
When the party rowed beyond the mill,
In a boat with "Cap'n Joe."

They cast the anchor wide,
The silvery moon hung low,
They rested the oars along the side
Of the boat, with "Cap'n Joe."

'Twas music bro't them there,
Mysterious sounds and low,
Were wafted clear on the evening air
Near the boat with "Cap'n Joe."

The legend has oft been told
Of the Indians long ago,
Who sought release from chieftains bold
In the depths of the river's flow.

While their voices, clear and strong,
Had chanted the notes below,
That are living tonight in mysterious song
Near the boat with "Cap'n Joe."

* * * * * *

Yet other music was there,
The notes were soft and low,
As they reached the girl with auburn hair
In the boat with "Cap'n Joe."

'Twas the love song old, yet new,
That each young heart must know;
For, side by side were the lovers two,
In the boat with "Cap'n Joe."



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